regency for her nephew, Ibrahim II., ended, and she only ruled when the King was away. For years she had sat veiled behind her Minister twice a week, when he transacted business in the Hall of Audience. Its windows are carved to represent the setting sun. From the gilded hall a door, carved in ivory octagonals and blue enamels, gives on to a beautiful little room. The painted walls have a green creeper with blue flowers. In the niches are large vases of flowers. Here Chand Bibi sighed with relief after those audiences.

For, unlike Elizabeth, power to her was duty, not pleasure. She had the tact of the Tudors. She ruled a realm as large, a population as great and as intelligent and as rich as Elizabeth. She conciliated the Hindu princesses, her tributaries. She met her Armadas many times by her own personal valour. But she never wished for absolute power. No shade of Mary of Scots darkens her door. No Leicester hung about her skirts. Simple and generous, frank and merciful, as she

was chaste and God-fearing, she, her chronicler tells us, among all the women of India, stands out as a jewel without flaw and beyond price.

When one ^thinks of the many ponderous

volumes